Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed.
Looke sir here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter. Iuliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Iu. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be must be loue, on Thursday next.
Iu. What must be, shall be.
Fri. Thats a certayne text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Iu. To answere that, I should confesse to you.
Pa. Doe not denie to him, that you loue me.
Iu. I will confesse to you that I loue him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure that you loue me.
Iu. If I doe so, it will bee of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, then to your face.
Par. Poore soule thy face is much abusd with teares.
Iu. The teares haue got small victorie by that,
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Pa. Thou wrongst it more then teares with that report.
Iu. That is slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Pa. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slaundred it.
Iu. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leasure, holy Father now,
Or shall I come to you at Euening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serues me, pensiue Daughter now,
My Lord we must intreate the time alone.
Pa. Godshield, I should disturbe deuotion,
Iuliet, on Thursday early will I rowse yee,
Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
Iu. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet* I already know thy griefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits,
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Iu.

Iu. Tell me not *Frier* that
Vnlesse thou tell me how I m
If in thy wisdome thou canst
Doe thou but call my resoluti
And with this Knife, Ile helpe
God ioynd my heart, and *Ro*
And ere this hand by thee to
Shall be the Labell to anothe
Or my true heart with treche
Turne to another, this shall sl
Therefore out of thy long exp
Giue me some present counsel
Twixt my extremes and me, t
Shall play the Vmpire, arbitra
Which the commission of thy
Could to no issue of true hon
Be not so long to speake, I lo
If what thou speak'st, speake n
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe
Which craues as desperate an
As that is desperate which we
If rather then to marrie Count
Thou hast the strength of will
Then is it likely thou wilt vnd
A thing like death to chide aw
That coop'st with death himse
And if thou dares't, Ile giue the
Iu. Oh bid me leape, rather
From of the battlements of any
Or walke in theeuish wayes, o
Where Serpents are: chaine me
Or hide me nightly in a Charn
Ore couered quite with dead m
With reekie shankes and yellow
Or bid me goe into a new mad
And hide me with a dead man
Things that to heare them told